GARLAND,

SHEWING,

How a Genteleman in the *Strand*, contrived to murder a young Boy about twelve Years of Age, to prevent his Daughter marrying him when at Age; With an Account how he was disappointed by the Nurse, and their happy Marriage afterwards.

Licensed and Entered according to Order

The *LONDON* GARLAND.

TWO young Men there lived as I understand,
Nigh unto each other, and both in the *Strand*,
The one dealt in iron, the other in Cheese,
In the Suburbs of *London* they liv'd with Ease.

These young Men they bound themselves in an Oath,
One Day if possible to be married both,
And if they had Children, a Daughter and Son,
When grown to Maturity, they both shall be one.

In little Time after as many report, (court
Two Noblemen's Daughters those young Men did
And when they had gained their Loves as they say,
Those young Men were married both on one Day.

A sumptuous great Wedding together had they,
The Bells they did ring, and the Music did play.
In process of Time, Fortune did so run,
The one had a Daughter, the other a Son.

Both unto one Woman they put them to nurse.
Their Wives both agreed that it should be thus,
For twelve Years together those Babes they were
And loved each other exceedingly dear.

The Boy's Father and Mother were both very ill,
They sent for the other his Oath to fulfil:
And said, Sir we find that this World we must leave,
Our Effects unto you we freely do give.

He

He ſaid, Before God *I* will ſtand to my Oath,
If that you do die, *I* will marry them both,
Together he to them both did reply,
So in little Time after this Couple did die.

In a Twelvemonth after his Mind it did change,
One of his Neighbours ſaid, Sir, *I* think it ſtrange,
Sure you will not marry your Daughter, ſaid he,
To a Lad of ſo mean and ſo low a Degree.

He contrived a Way moſt barbarous and baſe,
To murder this Youth he thought no Diſgrace:
He ſaid, He's a poor Lad, and ſo for his Portion,
I'll kill him, or ſend him a Slave to the Ocean.

Then was his Mind ſet againſt this poor Youth,
His Love was ſoon turned to Hatred in Truth,
And to ſhew his Malice, he ſent for the Nurſe,
And when ſhe came to him, he ſaid to her thus,

As for this Youth which you nurſe, ſaid he
I will have him murder'd or ſent to the Sea,
I'll give you a hundred Pounds, if not another ſhall,
With that the ſalt Tears down her Cheeks did fall.

Now this ſubtle Woman this Villain to fun,
Said, Give me the Money, your Work ſhall be done;
Sir on ſuch a Night this Lad I will ſlay,
Where you in a Cloſe ſhall feel next Day.

Beſure you do kill him, ſend my Daughter dear,
Where ſhe his Cries and Groans may not hear.
I will ſend her Home, ſhe ſaid give me the Chink,
I can as freely kill him as eat drink.

He gave her the Money, and Home ſhe return'd,
And told this young Couple, at which they mourn'd,
She ſaid, Be not grieved, nor fill with Vexation,
I'll ſend you Abroad for your Education.

And

And when this young Couple found they muſt part,
They both were concerned and took it to Heart;
He ſaid, We muſt part, and I find it is true,
Oh! ſorry I am, my Dear, to leave you.

My Dear, in a Letter my Name I will make,
And when I am gone, keep it cloſe for my Sake;
This is my Name truly and ever ſhall be,
It is Poverty that parteth good Company.

Then taking this Letter they both wept amain,
And kiſſing each other again and again,
They kiſſed at Parting, then Homeward went ſhe,
And he took his Journey to Briſtol City.

The Nurſe had a Hog, ſore againſt her Will,
This Villain to bite, this Hog ſhe'd kill,
And when it was quarter'd ſhe then did it ſay,
And ſo this Villain the Nurſe did betray.

Next Morning according to Promiſe he came,
And ſaid unto her, Have you done the ſame:
I ſurely have kill'd him, ſhe then did reply.
Where you in that Cloſet may feel him there lie.

Where the dead Hog lay in the Dark he then felt,
And ſaid, Since thou haſt ſo kindly with me dealt,
Here's twenty more Guineas I'll give unto thee,
And as long as I live thy Friend I will be.

This Youth was well learned and fit for the Sea,
The Nurſe and the Youth went to Briſtol City,
She ſaid, here's ſixſcore Pounds to raiſe thy Promotion,
I give it thee freely or it is thy Portion.

It's the Price of Blood it will ſerve for a Venture,
And then he on Board ſoon after did enter:
She ſaid, Pray God bleſs thee thy Courſe to ſteer,
And when you return I pray let me hear.

For

For three Years together they traded to Sea,
Observe by kind Fortune how favor'd was he,
Coming Home the Master and Mate both dy'd,
There was none but this youth that could the Ship guide.

At length to the City of *Bristol* he came.
And having his Portion then he with the same,
By trading he made it som Hundreds more,
And the next Voyage he went was to the *Turkish* Shore.

The Lord still was with him his Labours to bless,
And through his Endeavours his Wealth did increase,
And at length he arrived at *Bristol* City,
And then was resolved his Nurse for to see.

He then was worth Thousands, as I am told,
He brought Home a rich Garment embroider'd with Gold
And a famous fine Girdle he then did provide
And to see his Nurse then away he did ride.

And as on the Road he was riding along,
He overtook an old Miser was singing a Song;
The Captain said, Sir, your Heart it is light,
Where do you quarter old Father this Night.

The Miser he said, I am going to marry,
With a Cheesemonger's Daughter, and there I will tarry
A very fine Woman the Captain reply'd,
I now within a Mile of that Place shall ride.

And when they both parted the Miser did say,
What is your Name Sir? tell me I pray;
A very strange Name as e'er you did see,
It is Poverty that parteth good Company.

The Captain unto his Nurſe then did go,
The Miſer unto his Sweetheart alſo;
And as ſhe was ſitting that Night on his Knee,
He ſaid, I will tell you a pretty Fancy.

He ſaid, A Ship Captain he me overtook,
And on his fine Garments I could not but look;
I craved his Name and he told it to me,
It was Poverty that parted good Company.

When the young Lady heard ſuch Words as theſe,
She perceiv'd who it was, and ſaid if you pleaſe,
Kind Sir, I'm not welſ, excuſe me I pray,
Then unto her Chamber ſhe ſtraight took her Way

Then ſhe did lie down on her Bed and did weep,
And when all the Houſhold they were faſt aſleep;
She aroſe and did dreſs herſelf ſpeedily,
Then unto her Nurſe away ſhe did hie.

Seeing her true Love to his Arms then ſhe flew,
And ſaid, My dear jewel, I'm glad to ſee you;
I'm as glad to ſee you, he anſwer'd again,
And then for joy they both wept amain.

That Night in great Pleaſure and joy they ſpent,
And on the next Morning to their Hearts content,
They were fairly married and having done thus,
He handed his Bride Home again to her Nurſe.

Now ſhe being married the Miſer did ſay,
I wonder where your Daughter doth ſtay;
Her Father in a Paſſion anſwer'd with a Curſe,
I am perſuaded ſhe's gone to her Nurſe.

Then did they run to the Nurſe for to ſee,
Where they found her ſitting on her Lovers Knee;

They

They ſaid, Honoured Father your Bleſſing I crave
He ſaid; My dear Child, this looks very brave.

Her Father ſaid Daughter, pray why do you tarry,
The Captain reply'd, Sir this Day we were married
Her Father then ſtraight in a Paſſion did go
And gave the Miſer theſe Tidings to know.

He ſaid, Sir, my Daughter upon my Life,
The Captain you met has made her his Wife:
A curſed bad job the Miſer reply'd,
I had rather loſt a Shilling as have loſt my Bride.

Thou Miſerly Clown her old Father did ſay,
Is that the whole Price of my Daughter I pray?
In a Paſſion he knock'd the old Miſer down,
Which made the Blood run down his grey Crown.

He ſwore and kick'd him ſtraight out of the Door,
The Miſer ſaid, I ne'er was ſo fitted before;
To be thus abus'd is a comical Thing,
Inſtead of great joy its a mournful Wedding.

To be thus ſo fitted it makes my Heart ſad,
And baulk'd of my Bride it will make me run mad,
He curſed the Captain for ſtealing his Bride,
Then mounted his Horſe, and away he did ride.

Being gone the Bride's Father ſent for them ſtraitway
And when they came to him the old Man did ſay
I'll give you no Portion, make Choice of thy Bride,
I want not your Money the Captain reply'd.

He ſaid, Son that Anſwer it well pleaſeth me,
Come pray ſit you down and we'll all merry be,
And as they ſat drinking the Captain did ſay,
I have dreamed a Dream interpret it I pray.

I thought

I thought that you and a man was bound in an Oath,
If poſſible on one Day to be marry'd both
That Man died poor and left a Son behind
If you will but reſolve me I will take it kind.

And tell where the Lad is, then he ſhook his Head,
And ſaid, Son many Years that Youth hath been dead:
The Captain reply'd, O you wicked Man,
Pray was he not murder'd deny it if you can.

You gave Sixſcore Pound you know it is true,
And without a large Portion I'll proſecute you:
Do not proſecute me dear Son as I live,
Here is Ten Thouſand Pounds to thy wife I'll give.

In two Days after the money was paid,
He gave Five Thouſand Pounds to his Nurſe it's ſaid
Having got the money he laughed amain,
And ſaid, I am he whom you thought you had ſlain.

God bleſs my Nurſe ſhe kindly with me dealt,
It was a dead Hog which you in darkneſs felt,
The old Rogue reply'd, If all this be true,
I am fairly fitted, and am glad it is you.

To ſee thee alive it rejoices my Soul,
Then full Bowls of Punch Boys did merrily rowl,
And for a whole Week he made a great Feaſt,
And his old Nurſe he made her his chiefeſt Gueſt

Theſe tidings was performed as it does appear,
On his nurſe he ſettled full ten pounds a-year,
Upon her to comfort her as you may ſee,
So endeth good people this fine Comedy.

FINIS.

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